

# THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 34.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 27, 1896.

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*I know a castle, in the Heart of Spain,  
Built of stone, as if to stand for aye,  
With tile roof, red against the azure sky,—  
For skies are bluest in the Heart of Spain.  
So fair a castle men build not again;  
'Neath its broad arches, in its courtyard fair,  
And through its cloisters—open everywhere—  
I wander as I will, in sun or rain.  
Its inmost secrets unto me are known,  
For mine the castle is. Nor mine alone:  
'Tis thine, dear heart, to have and hold alway.  
'Tis all the world's, likewise, as mine and thine;  
For whoso passes through its gates shall say,  
"I dwelt within this castle: it is mine!"*

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# THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME III.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1896.

NUMBER 26.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all

these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

## Editorial.

*Before God's footstool to confess  
A poor soul knelt and bowed his head.  
"I failed," he wailed. The Master said:  
"Thou didst thy best. That is success."*

HENRY COYLE.

We are glad to welcome into our editorial columns this week our old yoke fellow on the UNITY team of long ago, whose initials, H. M. S., are so familiar to our older readers. His words, so acceptable in their long metre form at the Tower Hill Grove Meeting, will be read with interest in short metre in this week's NEW UNITY.

It is now Rev. Charles Gordon Ames, "D. D.," but it is the same Charles G. Ames, whom so many love, because of the help they have received from him. But it is interesting that he has been doctored by Bates College of the Free Baptist denomination, from the ranks of which, many years ago, Mr. Ames passed on to his life's work.

The Unitarians of Liverpool have been exchanging cordial words with the Methodist Conference at its meeting in that place. Thirteen Unitarian ministers signed the address of greeting, joining with the Methodists in thanksgiving "for the reanimation of religious faith in England through the ministry of John Wesley," at a season when spiritual torpor prostrated the energies of official ecclesiasticism.

An exchange tells of an Iowa minister who has a record for 390 pastoral calls during the last quarter, and that this record is the reason why this industrious "Doctor" is much in demand by various churches. This record gives an average of five and a half calls every working day in the quarter. We trust that this "industry" was paralleled with equal diligence in the study. We wish the item indicated how many books

this minister had read during the quarter, how many hours he had spent in pondering over the deep things of life. Not by the wearing out of shoe leather, but the taxing of brain tissue is the Kingdom to come.

Germany is preparing to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Melancthon's birth, in February next. A splendid memorial hall is to be erected, which will be a historical museum, as well as a gathering place for the living. Thus it is that the heroes of thought, the builders in the realm of ideas, outlive the marshals and the bankers of the world, verifying Emerson's couplet:

"One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world has never lost."

At the last annual meeting of the American Humane Society, the editor of this paper tried to secure the appointment of a commission to inquire into and report upon the accidents and injuries resulting from the football work of college teams during the year. The motion was lost out of respect for athletics and college life and administration. The Boston Transcript, a paper that stands high in the confidence of the best people of Massachusetts, has been keeping a record of the accidents that occurred during the last football season, covering only about seven weeks, and it reports three players as killed, one as paralyzed, one became insane and nearly fifty others were injured, some very seriously. If this exhibit is to be trusted, is it not time that something should be done toward bringing before the public a full and authentic record of the real damage done to life and limb by these enthusiastic athletics, who, in the interests of brain, develop such reckless brawn?

The heat of the presidential campaign is upon us. Pulpit and religious press must not add to the partisan excitement, but they cannot be indifferent witnesses to the struggle. The main question for the pulpit to decide is, what will work for justice and for the interests of the common people and the poor? If the "free and unlimited coinage of silver" means that anyone who has or is able to buy \$1,000 worth of silver could have it coined into nearly twice as much, it works for the interests of quite another class—for the mine owners and speculators would get all the gain. Even if the United States treasury should take the gain and fill itself with money, either by unlimited coinage of silver or unlimited issues of paper, this would not help the poor unless in some way distributed among them. No mere increase of currency helps the common people unless they get some of it. Of course they would gain by it if it brought more industrial activity. But the recent lack of such activity has evidently not come from lack of money—for the banks are said to be full of it, and there has been more good money to each man in the country the last three years than ever before, and much more than in past periods when busi-



ness was booming. It is not more money that is wanted, but more business confidence to set the money moving. Money is not the most important figure in the problem. Money is the measure of wealth and the medium of its exchange; but the important thing is the wealth itself and the confidence to keep it exchanging in industry. Indeed, this confidence does away with much of the need of cash, and a community with good mutual credit among its members can get along with comparatively little coin or bank notes, if necessary. At any rate, with more cash in the country to each man to-day than ever before, and with all these increased means of using credit instead of cash, the imperative need seems to be to restore confidence, secure again the serenity and patience that are born of faith—faith that all is coming out right and that the country is safe and that capitalists, manufacturers and laborers mean to play fair in the game of life.

Our readers will be interested in the breezy report and daring suggestion in the editorial by our associate, "E. P. P.," concerning Summer Schools. We go to press too early to report the Tower Hill Summer School, the program having been extended from that of the first week announced, four days into the second week, and we write before the conclusion. Others more competent to judge of its success will report it in due time. This week, it is enough to say that never has the interest reached and sustained so high a mark as this year. Three sessions each day were attended by a larger class of regular attendants than ever before. And while in years past the Institute had to be more or less subsidized by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, this year, standing on its own feet, it has paid all expenses, with a slight margin left over for future work. And the members of the school this year took prompt action in perfecting a permanent organization, to secure better, because more deliberate work next year, on lines so profitably pursued this year.

Rev. A. J. Wells, one of the younger Unitarian ministers of Maine, thus formulates the work and faith of the Unitarian Church, which shows how surely the churches are outreaching any theological limitations, even those involved in their own name:

This church is the church of the 19th century. It believes in God as the Universal Father, as the one power and life of the Universe; as the ever-present Providence, the all-embracing love. It believes that God is in nature, in history, in humanity, the guide and inspirer of men to-day as certainly as in the ages past. It believes in the rectitude of the universe, in the sacredness and joy of human life, and that goodness will at last subdue all things to itself, and rule all things in the name of God. It believes in the inspiration and example of Jesus' life and death, his fidelity to truth, his sympathy with man, the charity of his spirit and the breadth of his teachings. It believes in the dignity and nobility of human nature, and tries to stimulate self-respect and self-reverence as a shield against evil conduct. It teaches *freedom* in religion, *fellowship* in religion, and *character* in religion, and lifts above creed or church the holy bond of the brotherhood of all men. It seeks to promote truth, righteousness and love in the world, and to cultivate a deeper faith in God and a larger hope for humanity.

## Further Words About the Liberal Congress at Indianapolis.

From Prof. John Dewey, Department of Pedagogy, University of Chicago:

"My college work begins October 1, accordingly am obliged to decline, with regret, your invitation. I should enjoy being at the meeting very much."

Rev. T. B. Byrnes, Manistee, Mich.:

"I have attended the two meetings thus far of the Liberal Congress, and mean to be at the Indianapolis meeting. I am satisfied with the work THE NEW UNITY is doing for this and other interests, and will help in any way I can."

Rev. Celia P. Woolley of the Independent Church, Chicago:

"I am glad you wish me to help in the Congress; I should like to do so, and will do what I can to interest the friends."

The last word from Rev. Reed Stewart of Detroit:

"I had hoped I might attend the coming Congress without having any duty to perform. However, because of my profound interest in the object, and my love for the brethren engaged in it, I will do whatever you think best."

Bishop John H. Vincent of the Methodist Church, writing from Chautauqua:

"I shall be in Topeka, Kan., at your dates, having just returned from a protracted tour in New Mexico, Utah and Colorado. I am therefore very sorry to be compelled to decline the fraternal invitation."

Prof. C. H. Toy of Harvard University:

"I am very sorry that I can't come to the Liberal Congress at Indianapolis, with those objects I strongly sympathize. The date is not convenient to college men, but wishing and expecting for the Congress great success, I am sincerely yours."

Universalist minister in Kansas:

"It rejoices me to hear that the Liberal Congress is to meet at Indianapolis. I will try to be there. In this week's NEW UNITY you remind us that all the work cannot be all done at your end of the line. I have not any advice to give, but here is my mite given in the spirit of the widow."

From a pastor of a Congregational church in Minnesota:

"I fear I may not be able to be present at Indianapolis, for I shall be on a lecture tour about that time, and some of the dates are already made beyond changing. But I cannot tell you how much I am interested in liberal religion, and I am interested in no other kind, except to stir it up and hurl fire brands into the midst of it. Yet I am compelled to admit that it has turned out some mighty fine specimens of manhood. I want to give it credit for that; but I feel about it a good deal as Henry Ward Beecher did about Calvinism. He said it killed fifty in making one. Since I am one of those who has been near the theological grave, it is hard for me to say: 'Father forgive them, they know not what they do.' It is time they were learning. I am interested in broad, fraternal religion so much that I am willing to exchange pulpits with any man from the Catholic, on the one hand, to the Free Thinker, on the other. And if any of my people are converted by the exchange, so much the better, they probably have not had any conversion before. I wish more people were converted to something, something that they can swear by, and work by, and live by, and have a kind of divine passion to propagate. If people can but once get hold of the convictions of experience as their creed, they could be turned into heaven or hell and would not be changed. If they do not have that, their convictions are no good any way, and neither is their religion. If I can but get men to have a passionate purpose in life, I care no more in what church they eat their moral bread than I do in what restaurant they eat their wheat bread. I wish you a most successful Congress, and shall look for reports from it with a good deal of interest."

## The Silent Forces.

The bible pictures Elijah as full of fervor and prone to use force in his reforms. It tells how he ordered the arrest of all the prophets of Baal, "let not one of them escape," and "brought them down to the brook Kishon and slew them there." It tells how, when one came calling him a "man of God," Elijah replied, "If I be a man of God, let fire come down from heaven and



consume thee and thy fifty men;" and so it did; and how to a second he made the same reply and consumed fifty more. But this story of the cave at Horeb seems to be in correction of such violence. The divine word came to him there, asking what he had been doing. Elijah answered in his usual spirit, "I have been very jealous for the Lord." So he was told to come out of the cave and learn a lesson from the Lord. As we went out, "a great and strong wind rent the mountain and broke the rocks in pieces;" but, the bible says, "the Lord was not in the wind. And after the wind, an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake. And after the earthquake, a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. And after the fire, a still small voice;" or, as the Septuagint words it, "the voice of a light breeze;" or, as the margin of the Revised Version, "a sound of gentle stillness." This divine stillness, in contrast with those noisy storms in which God was not, rebuked Elijah's violent methods and taught the gentle way in which the Lord worked and man should work. Such seems the lesson of the old story, and whether it is or not, it is a true and good lesson.

How true it is that most of the divine work is with that "gentle stillness!" Each summer the world is covered with a new light, each grass blade more beautiful when examined than any Brussels—all woven on the spot—yet the vast loom has not given forth a sound. Miles on miles of forest are draped with foliage finer than any fabrics in the milliner shops, yet without the flash of a shuttle. Whole lakes of water are lifted to the tree-tops, yet through pipes too fine to see and without the sound of piston. Or examine a moss leaf with a microscope and see the dainty dot of chlorophyll which gives the green color. With that isolated and invisible point, repeated a million times in every grass blade, the divine artist paints the leaf, the lawn, the meadow, the mountain, and colors the continent in a hundred hues. These are samples of the "gentle stillness" of the divine work in nature.

Man is more and more learning to work in similar way in the arts and to use the silent forces of heat, light, electricity, hydrostatic pressure. But it is mainly in moral work that we will apply the lesson. Violent methods are common and necessary in the primitive stages of society, just as convulsions and cataclysms were in the primitive stages of the earth; but both alike have declined with progress. The primitive violence does indeed survive in society, and break out at times in barbarous wars, just as it survives within the earth, and breaks out in occasional volcanoes and earthquakes, but in both cases it is a bad survival, and needs to be abolished as fast as possible by more peaceful and diviner forces. "Blessed are the peacemakers," said Jesus, and all history shows that he was right, and that the blessing does rest chiefly on the peacemaking arts and thoughts. The great warring nations of antiquity have vanished and most of their works with them, but little conquered Palestine lives in the religion of a third of the race, and little vanquished Greece lives in so much else that H. S. Maine enthusiastically said: "Except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin." In Greece, too, the blessing was not upon warring Sparta,

but upon thinking Athens. This lesson is written through history, and Carlyle suggested that even Napoleon might yet be remembered chiefly for his work for the French Institute. One of our plants is named Saxifrage, the rock-breaker, from the supposed power of its roots to split the stones; and, like that, and like the quarrymen bursting great rocks by the mere swelling of wood in water, gentle ways do more to crack and crumble the wrongs of the world than gunpowder can. War has, of course, destroyed great wrongs, but how often has it wrought little but slaughter, as even Froude said that England's late war in South Africa had left the troubles worse than before, and that her only gain was a new debt for the honor of having murdered 12,000 defenders of Zululand. How many battles have, as Lowell said, "proved nothing and settled nothing," or have only "shifted the boundaries on the map, and put one ugly head instead of another on the coins which the people paid to the tax-gatherer!" How many coins, too, have gone in this way! Many think it wasteful to use a million dollars for some educational or religious institution to help cure old evils; yet the war system, which has done so little to cure them, has, in the last forty years, cost the world, in money alone, enough to found more than 13,000 such million-dollar institutions. And besides the money is all the mourning it brings and barbarity it breeds. Why hang your neighbor for slaying a man who has harmed him and then honor Napoleon for the slaughter of two million men who had done him no harm. We will honor the bravery and self-sacrifice of all soldiers who show it, in our war and in every war, and on either side. We will excuse war itself whenever it is necessary in self-defense or in the defense of others. But it is not the less an evil which ought to be abolished as fast as possible. The wise man, when challenged to a duel, sent the reply that any fool could send a challenge, but it took two fools to fight; and for two nations to fight is far more foolish than a duel. Political questions are to be settled by brains, and moral ones by hearts, and to try to settle them by sending two armies of civilized men to blow out each other's brains and hearts, is the absurdest way under the sun. It is the most costly and barbarous way to settle them, and seldom settles them then. Jesus spoke a divine word, indeed, when he gave to peacemakers his highest blessing and called them "sons of God;" and one of the worst ways in which the church has betrayed him has been in responding to that beatitude by battle cries, serving its Prince of Peace by war, and drowning his divine music of forgiveness and mercy by shrieks of shells and moans of dying men.

But that "still small voice" is opposed not only to violence, but to all noisy methods of moral work. Carlyle said the only noise a tree makes is when falling, and noise is generally the sign that something is falling instead of growing. Not even in machines is noise a recommendation, and often the water works of a city make little more of it than the rickety windmill over a farmer's well. How silent is a great steam engine, and how unseen is its real energy. The white cloud of steam floating so gloriously over the train only shows thereby that its power is spent, but back in the cylinder



where its work is done it is as invisible as air. So the real moral work of the world is all done by the invisible force in the minds and hearts of men. Our institutions are but the necessary machinery, but the power that moves them all lies in the silent ideas and sentiments of the people. The men who mould these ideas are the real rulers, and Wendell Phillips well said that "Bennett and Horace Greeley were more presidents of the United States than Millard Filmore." If we would find the real government of the nation, we should go not to noisy congresses or conventions, but to the quiet desks of editors and authors, to the obscure school houses and churches all over the country, and, back of all these, to the innumerable little acts and words everywhere by which people are influencing each other and their children. The best religious work, too, is silent.

H. M. S.

### An American Evolution.

Greenacre was once famed as the favorite summer resort of Whittier. It was fitting that it should not lapse from the literary and spiritual sanctity of the poet in whom righteousness and wisdom kissed each other. Intellectual life has had its colleges and schools; religious life has had its churches. It has been the mission of Greenacre to combine the religious and the civic, the spiritual and the intellectual, as if Whittier's spirit still presided over its designings. Miss Farmer, who superintends the summer lectures, has certainly been raised up of God for her work. With admirable skill and sweetness of will, she brings together a host of very diverging minds and secures unity and co-operation. Everyone not only enjoys the outing and the associations, and gets intellectual stimulus, but a certain baptism. The first time I went away, I went wondering. The stay had done me good, and yet I had not found any preaching. The aura of the place, the tone, was not of the average sort. It seemed twice as mean to say an unkind thing there; twice as bad to think an ungenerous thought. Good came to the surface more readily. There were people of all views and possibly crochets there, but no one seemed desirous of converting anyone, or if they did, were not urgent about it. Those who had hobbies quietly stalled them. Last year the work grew in power; this year it is still better. The lecture season opened with a Peace Conference. Among the speakers of that week were Rev. Dr. Angier of Boston, and Henry Wood, the Social Scientist. This was followed, July 5, by a Conference on Comparative Religions, conducted by Rev. F. Huberty James of London. Judge Robinson, dean of the Catholic University at Washington, Mr. K. Nakamura of Japan, Mr. Jebanghier D. Cola of Bombay, Rev. Dr. Guthrie of Cincinnati, Swami Vivekananda and others filled the week. Education and Home Conferences were followed by an Anthropological week and an Evolution week. We had in the latter Dr. Lewis G. Janes of Brooklyn, Prof. Joseph Le Conte of the University of California, Rev. James T. Bixby and Professor John Fiske. Nature week was opened by that keen, active mind, Edwin D. Mead. Trowbridge read from his own prose and poetry. There was a reunion of the Concord School of Philosophy. The Art week and the Sociological

week are still to come. Mrs. Hubbard of Chicago is to have a class in ornithology.

A library is to be built at the cost of ten thousand, and it is planned to have, hereafter, summer classes for the young in elemental science. Greenacre is evolutionary in a noble way. Tents are everywhere about the slopes of the Piscataqua, and all the farm houses are filled with boarders as well as the Inn. Mrs. Ole Bull gives her invaluable aid with the music, and Mary H. Burnham presides over the musical programmes. I noticed our prima donna, Emma Thursby, among the guests, but did not hear her sing, as she is under treatment for her voice. The Monsalvat School of Comparative Religion is conducted by Dr. Lewis G. Janes, president of the Brooklyn Ethical Association, assisted by Rev. Huberty James, Swami Saradananda, and Jebanghier D. Cola of Bombay. "The platform of Greenacre is broadly ethical and purely humanitarian, embracing all constructive phases of progressive thought. The program is arranged with a desire to quicken, energize and harmonize the spiritual, mental and moral natures, and to give the surest physical rest."

But I write of Greenacre because there is also Tower Hill, and because this is the day of co-operative reform and building up. Thank God, we have got by the need of so much tearing down. Why shall not the Congress arrange a union of these social educational forces? There should be a Greenacre near Chicago, another near Cincinnati, another near Denver, another in the South and another in California, and possibly another in the far Northwest. Of the plan I shall have more to say anon.

E. P. P.

### The Tower Hill Grove Meeting.

The Tower Hill Summer Institute has a fitting close in the annual Grove meeting held on Sunday, August 16. The pavilion was draped in red, white and blue, and all the glory of the woods was massed in the royal pulpit devised out of a sturdy oak trunk, embowered in red-berried trailing vines. The day was an ideal one and the country people came from far and wide, crowding the pavilion and overflowing upon the grassy spaces round about. The morning sermon, "What of a Day?" was preached by Caroline J. Bartlett, minister of the People's Church of Kalamazoo, Mich. It was a nature-sermon and the environment furnished all the texts and illustrations needed. In the afternoon Henry M. Simmons of Minneapolis, dear from times past to the hearts of the Tower Hill people, gave a wonderful exposition of "Quiet Power"—a sermon to rebuke all hasty, feverish, declaiming effort, sending us back to nature, to learn how all constructive work is done in stillness; the grass-blade, the oak, the mountain alike preaching to us the value of silent, persistent effort, which is not like the whirlwind or the fire or the earthquake, in which "God was not," but like unto "the still small voice." After the sermon came short addresses by Revs. Mr. Loomis, Mr. Allen and Miss Bartlett, and at the close a most inspiring address by Mr. Jones, pleading for more of brotherhood along the lines that lie deeper than dividing sects, and for more of trust in the goodness of human nature and of faith that human nature can be depended upon to respond to high calls and provocations to duty, when a voice and a life can be found to utter them. The two hours of intermission between the services were occupied by friendly communion and bread-breaking at the table of the Lord spread in the woods. It is good to come thus near nature and near each other; good to think of these people of the neighborhood, of diverse households, of faith, coming together year after year, upon this day, with a growing sense of the things which unite, a less keen vision of the things that divide. On Tower Hill one gets out of one's own little valley into the upland open which sees the unity of the landscape and how all rivers run to the sea.

C. J. B.



## The Liberal Congress.

*Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.*

### "How Science Helps Charity."

The following from the newspaper report of the lay sermon recently read by Mrs. F. P. Bagley, at one of the vacation services of All Souls Church, Chicago, on the above topic deserves to be passed along, not only for the wisdom it contains, but as proof of what high preaching power lies unutilized in every truly liberal and alive church.—EDITOR.

I had occasion one day recently to visit a friend who lives with and works for the people of the slums—her home is in a tenement house on South Clark street. It is in the midst of one of those "folk swamps" that poison the atmosphere of cities. Like all marshes, it is least unwholesome in the morning, when the sun is up. After dark it is the scene of noise and discord. One starts, shrinks, grows pale in the dead of night at the coarse laughter and drunken songs, at the pistol shots and noisy rattle of the patrol wagon. In this neighborhood saloons and disreputable resorts are varied here and there by shabby tenement houses, where nightly, drunken, brutal men stagger home to swear at trembling wives and children. It is worse still when father and mother together carouse, quarrel, and in drunken fury beat each other, while the little ones cower in corners.

Even in the afternoon, as I walked along, infinitely sad sights greeted me. Poor young women, tawdry and bedizened, stood at their doorways; men straggled in and out of the saloons, and, worst of all, there were the children—children in the gutters, children in the saloon doorways, children everywhere—growing up in unconscious familiarity with vice; growing up to know no other life than that of the drunkard, the gambler and the depraved.

By the time I reached my friend I felt persuaded that no redemption short of a torrent, a conflagration, an avalanche—something that would wipe the whole hideous mass out of existence—would avail, and I sat down in her refined home and looked at her steadfast face with the pity one feels for misdirected earnestness or useless self-sacrifice.

"Cannot anything be done with the neighborhood as a whole?" I ask. It seems as if the city itself should take hold and clear out this district with a force of police?"

"Would there be any less sin in the world if it did?" was the quiet answer.

It is true sin would be scattered, but only to taint purer lives elsewhere. Each soul must be purified from within, and then each becomes itself an instrument to help others. You may stir up a moral uprising and get the police to raid houses and clear out the tenements, but what have you accomplished?

In both the aims of charity, whether in helping the poor, to whom we owe personal duty, or in seeking the cause and cure of poverty itself, science has given valuable aid. First, for its hypothesis of society as an organism, implying the solidarity of the human family, making our help to the unfortunate no artificial function, but rather the extension of brotherly and sisterly service beyond the ties of immediate kin, recognizing that the destiny of the poorest and worst ultimately touches the welfare of you and me and those we hold most dear.

Second, science says you should base your charity, not upon impulse, intuition or sentiment, but upon practical experience and observation.

Third, the individual is the basis of investigation. Charity implies a study of the human mind. In its light each soul necessarily stands alone in its dignity and worth.

Fourth, charity is effective in proportion as those who help and those who are to be helped come into direct contact. Therefore, the keynote of true charity is a personal relationship, where each expects highest and best of the other, giving in return freely from the treasure house of mind and heart, meeting every man, every woman, every child, whether brother or beggar, on that plane where charity becomes one with love.

### What was the "American System" or "Monroe Doctrine?"

It is impossible to get at the nature of the message of Mr. Cleveland unless we are able to define with certain accuracy the so-called Monroe Doctrine. This can only be done by going to the correspondence of Mr. Monroe and Mr. Jefferson, and if possible that of Canning, the English prime minister of 1823.

Before doing this let us premise somewhat the relation of nations at this special date. Napoleon, who had seized the government of France, had adopted an absolutely despotic method in dealing with all other nations. He had changed boundaries and set up or put down governments to please himself. 1823 found him scarcely dead in St. Helena, where England, the only nation of Europe that defied him from first to last, had caged him. But Napoleon had been closely succeeded in the control of European destinies by the Holy Alliance, the most unholy league of nations that Europe had ever tolerated. This Alliance consisted of Russia, Prussia and Austria, and had for its object the suppression of popular rights and free thought, and the reestablishment of despotic monarchy throughout civilization. The Alliance was organized in 1815, and avowed its belief that all power on earth belonged in legitimacy, as a gift direct from God. Kings were such *Dei gratia*, and being such, no people could question their authority. In 1821 a joint manifesto declared that "changes in legislation and in administration ought to emanate only from the free will of those whom God has made responsible for power." This Alliance went to work promptly in Europe to put down all insurrections in the name of liberalism. Spain and Naples were restored to legitimacy. The Bourbon king of France, Louis XVIII, was in secret sympathy with the Alliance. The English ministry under Castlereagh was displaced, as being too much inclined to sympathy with the Alliance, and Canning was placed in office. Castlereagh himself committed suicide. Once more England saved the world from rushing back into mediævalism. Slowly but surely she began to draw nearer to the United States. The Spanish colonies had revolted and thrown off the yoke of their masters. England turned to us and said, We will do nothing to aid Spain in her American affairs; but we will not interfere on the other side. Let each nation work out its own problem. France proposed a congress of European powers to regulate Spanish-American affairs. It needed no prophetic insight to see that should this occur the "regulation" would soon cover all of America. It was a fatal hour. Jefferson, by all odds our ablest statesman, repeatedly shows in his correspondence his fear. A Bourbon dynasty was proposed in the western continent. England was to be bribed. What with? That was still the question. It fortunately is a question never to be answered. Canning, an audacious but far-sighted minister, waited for no parleying, but with Saxon instincts turned to the United States. He called to him our minister, Mr. Rush, and pointed out to him that now was the time when the two nations must stand together; and he pledged himself that England was ready. Would the United States respond? Dr. Rush answered that he believed we would, but he must report to his government. Canning said, If the proposed congress is called "I will refuse to attend unless your government also is invited to send delegates. We must act together." In fact, here was a proposition from an Anglo-Saxon alliance against the alliance of Latin legitimacy; of free institutions, or at least free instincts, against despotism. The whole matter was turned over to Jefferson, who as Sage of America had retired to Monticello. He was rightly held to be the one above all others for safe counsel. In October the president received from him the decisive letter. In December was promulgated the message which contained the ever-famous Monroe Doctrine.

Before considering the letter of Jefferson and the message of Monroe, we must stop to note that in the gen-



eral scramble for territory the United States had taken a full hand. In 1803 we had consummated a purchase of territory larger than several European kingdoms. This purchase had been made of Napoleon, who concluded the sale in spite of a solemn treaty with Spain that he would do nothing of the kind. Spain up to a few years previous had held this same Louisiana as her own. Purchasing this territory, the States laid claim to all of west Florida, because at one time it had been included in Louisiana. No historian pretends that our claim was just. General Jackson waived the question of justice and took possession in 1811. He went farther, and in 1812 seized a part of East Florida; but our government restored the stolen land and towns. In 1819 negotiations for purchase were consummated, and all of Florida became ours. The ambition for further acquisition was not allayed; it was only quickened. We longed for Cuba. Calhoun was wild for her acquisition. The passion, first shown by Hamilton, for agglomerating unlimited territory, showed itself anew. Mexico was looked upon as a fair field for filibustering. Texas was felt even then to be destined to be ours. England also had her cravings for territorial aggrandizement. Cuba particularly was desired by her, both for its natural wealth and its commanding position.

Only as far back as 1806, during Jefferson's administration, Merry, the minister to this country from England, had engaged in correspondence with Aaron Burr, and with him hatched the plot to detach the southwest states from the Union and create an empire for Burr. Wilkinson, who was our major-general in command of the Mississippi Valley, was not only engaged in this plot, but was annually for sixteen years paid a stipend or bribe by the king of Spain to exercise his influence to turn over the Southwest to that monarch. This scoundrel was not the only traitor, but he was the meanest man in American history. America was far from being in a settled state after we secured our independence. Up to 1820 it was in a territorial flux.

The proposition of Canning was therefore something more than a protest against or even a defiance of the Holy Alliance of Despotism. It meant self-restraint—self-abnegation to some extent on the part of the powers proposing it. It was the inauguration of a new era. It proposed that the lawless aggressiveness of nation upon nation should cease. If fixed as a principle for this continent it must react upon the older world. In fine, it faced toward that peace which can safely rest only on international law of the people.

But we can see this more definitely and distinctly if we now turn to the memorable letter of advice from Jefferson, received by Monroe in response to letters from Rush and others, forwarded from Washington. The most judicious plan to avoid all possibility of misapprehension will be to give this letter nearly in its entirety:

Monticello, October 24, 1823.

Dear Sir:—The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of independence. That made us a nation; this sets our compass, and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us. And never could we embark on it under circumstances more auspicious. Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe and peculiarly her own. She should therefore have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. While the last is laboring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavor should surely be to make our hemisphere that of freedom. One nation, most of all, could disturb us in this pursuit; she now offers to lead, aid and accompany us in it. By acceding to her proposition, we detach her from the band of despots, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a continent at one stroke—which might otherwise linger long in doubt and difficulty. Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of anyone, or all on earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship; and nothing would

tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause. Not that I would purchase her amity at the price of taking part in her wars. But the war in which the present proposition might engage us, should that be the consequence, is not her war, but ours;—its object to introduce and establish the American system, of keeping out of our land all foreign powers; of never permitting those of Europe to intermeddle with the affairs of our nation. It is to maintain our own principle—not to depart from it. And if, to facilitate this, we can effect a division in the body of European powers, and draw over to our side its most powerful member, surely we should do it. But I am clearly of Mr. Canning's opinion that it will prevent instead of provoking war. With Great Britain withdrawn from their scale, and shifted into that of our two continents, all Europe combined would not undertake such a war. For how would they prepare to get at either enemy without superior fleets?

Nor is the occasion to be slighted which this proposition offers of declaring our protest against the atrocious violations of the rights of nations, by the interference of anyone in the internal affairs of another, so flagitiously begun by Bonaparte, and now continued by the equally lawless alliance, calling itself holy.

But we have first to ask ourselves a question. Do we wish to acquire to our own confederacy any one or more of the Spanish provinces? I candidly confess that I have ever looked on Cuba as the most interesting addition which could ever be made to our system of states. The control which, with Florida Point, this island would give us over the Gulf of Mexico, and the countries and isthmus bordering on it, as well as all those whose waters flow into it, would fill up the measure of our political well-being. Yet, as I am sensible that this can never be obtained, even with her own consent without war; and its independence, which is our second interest (and especially its independence of England), can be secured without it. I have no hesitation in abandoning my first wish to future chances, and accepting its independence, with peace, and the friendship of England, rather than its association at the expense of war and her enmity. I should think it therefore advisable that the executive should encourage the British government to a continuance of the disposition expressed in these letters.

Here are clearly to be seen (1) that the proposition to establish a distinctive American system was not to create a United States system, or a system for our sole policy; but a system covering the united action of the United States and England, which two governments had at last divided the possession and control of the major part of North America, and were together able to put in force their demands. (2) The proposition had for its purport the ending of an era of conquest; an era that had to that time kept America as an open field for colonization, and for diplomatic intrigues having territorial acquisition in view. This disposition of foreign powers had recently been aggravated by Napoleon's nonchalant disposal of territory at his own whim; and the purpose of the Holy Alliance to carry out the Napoleonic method. (3) The proposal for an American system, barring out old world intrigue, came from England, and did not originate here. It was discussed by President Monroe and Secretary Adams, and referred to Jefferson. By him it was reviewed and indorsed. (4) It plainly, in his judgment, was an agreement on our part and the part of England to accept the *statu quo*, and to give up our own desires for farther territorial acquisition. (5) This was a real sacrifice on our part in the case of Cuba; but as England also had a strong desire in that direction, it seemed best to agree to leave it to Spain, until the natives could achieve independence. (6) In addition to its American character it was a general principle—protesting against "the atrocious violation of the rights of nations, by the interference of anyone in the internal affairs of another." Here was a great international principle created that, however dimly before recognized as right, had been violated with great boldness. In America there must be no meddling with others' internal affairs. The federal principle was to be extended in some degree over the continent. (7) The original American Principle outlined by Jefferson is at core an affirmative for human liberty. It is not a mere declaration concerning territorial possession; but if we look deeper it establishes, and was intended to establish, the rights of liberty and to defy despotism. It was a league not sim-



ply to establish American government, but to say that America is devoted to freedom and free institutions. We would tolerate no intrusion here for the purposes of demonstrating legitimacy as a divine principle. *Dei gratia* must not gain ground on this continent. Here we believed that the government was vested of God in the people, not in kings. (8) This American Principle was a peace doctrine. It was distinctly announced as pointing toward peace instead of war; since every establishment of right and honor makes against war, by removing just cause of war. Still, if fight they must, Jefferson proposed that every blow should be on the side of freedom and righteousness. (9) Nor at all must this be overlooked that Jefferson peculiarly indorsed the American Principle because it would "knit the affections" of the United States and Great Britain—placing them once more "side by side in the same cause." No nobler dream and hope stirs the hearts of mankind to-day than the union of English-speaking peoples in the cause of human progress and philanthropy.

Of import only second to the words of Jefferson are those of John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State. Discussing the matter as it was before the Cabinet of Mr. Monroe, he says, "If, then, the Holy Allies should subdue Spanish America—however they might at first set up the standard of Spain—the ultimate result would be to partition them out among themselves. Russia might take California, Peru, Chile; France might take Mexico, where we know she has been intriguing to get a monarchy under a prince of the House of Bourbon, as well as at Buenos Ayres. And Great Britain, as her last resort, if she could not resist this course of things, would take at last the island of Cuba for her share of the scramble. Then what would be our situation—England holding Cuba, and France holding Mexico?" He wrote to the Russian minister that we should "assume distinctly the principle that the American continents are no longer subjects for *any new* European colonial establishments." To our minister at London, Dr. Rush, he wrote, "The American continents henceforth will no longer be subject to colonization. Occupied by civilized, independent nations, they will be accessible to Europeans and each other on that footing alone." Gallatin, minister to France, earlier than all the rest, had said, "I have every reason to believe that the United States would not suffer others to interfere against the emancipation of America. If France were successful in her attack on Spain, and afterward attempted to take possession of some of her colonies, or to assist her in reducing them under their former yoke, I was of opinion that the United States would oppose every undertaking of this kind."

We now turn to Mr. Monroe's own utterances. It was in his seventh annual message, dated December 2, 1823, that he published to the world officially the conclusion reached by himself, Jefferson, Gallatin, Adams and Madison. What he said was in these words: "The occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle, in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence, and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward

the United States. It is impossible that the Allied Powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness."

Mr. Monroe was noted for a rather diffuse method of discussion; nor are his words as carefully adjusted to the occasion as are those of Adams or Jefferson or Gallatin; but he was understood. The Holy Alliance project of restoring to legitimacy the South American republics fell through, and the American continents remained devoted to free institutions. From Mr. Monroe, in the message quoted, and in the eighth message, December 7, 1824, it is plainly gathered that nothing was attempted by him but to warn the Allied Powers to forego all plans at meddling with attempts on these continents to create republican forms of government. Every Spanish colony had successfully revolted, except Cuba and Porto Rico. They had all set up liberal forms of government, which it was clearly our policy to cherish for our own advantage. The coöperation of Great Britain now placed it beyond question that not one of them would be hindered in working out its own destiny. If that destiny has come short of ideal stability, it has nevertheless exceeded in value the government as administered by Spain.

Canning was exceedingly proud of the work accomplished. He said, "Contemplating Spain as our ancestors had known her, I resolved that if France had Spain, it should not be Spain with the Indies. I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old." This grandiloquent boast was not unwarranted. Yet while giving to Canning the glory of having brought the events to pass, it is certain that several of our statesmen had discussed a similar project. Clay had proposed a Pan American Alliance as early as 1821. When he became secretary of state for Mr. Adams he pressed forward the scheme which came to be known as the Panama Congress. Mr. Clay's instructions to the delegate, Mr. Poinsett, are of exceeding value as an interpretation of what was held at that time to be the real Monroe Doctrine. He wrote, "Whatever foundation may have existed three centuries ago, or at a later period, when all this continent was under European subjection, for the establishment of a rule, founded on priority of discovery and occupation, for apportioning among the powers of Europe parts of this continent, none can be admitted as applicable to its present condition. There is no disposition to disturb the colonial possessions as they may now exist of any European powers; but it is against the establishment of new European colonies on this continent that the principle is directed. Europe would be indignant at any attempt to plant a colony on any part of her shores, and her justice must perceive in the rule contended for only perfect reciprocity. The other principle asserted is that while we do not desire to interfere in Europe with the political system of the Allied Powers, we should regard as dangerous to our peace and safety any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere."

John Quincy Adams, in his blunt, forcible and clear way, stated the American system in these words, in a special message: "The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforward not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power." Clay alone divides the question into two, making the American system to be: No more colonization of American continents; and no effort to establish the divine right or Holy Alliance principle of government on this side the Atlantic.

The immediate result of the action of Presidents Monroe and Adams, backed up by the united nation, was that the Holy Alliance made no demonstration toward our shores, and the proposed Paris Conference was never held. The Alliance itself was vitally weakened in Europe, and despotism lost its grip. This was all accomplished on a peace basis. It was the result of an Anglo-



Saxon league demanding national autonomy. More than this, it created a general international principle that put an end to the incessant warring that had characterized the eighteenth century and earlier years of the nineteenth.

As a direct result of this joint action of the United States and England international law was not only restored and vastly enlarged in its scope, but its whole character was changed. It was no longer the joint agreement of despots meeting in conferences, but it began to partake of a popular character. Some one has said that the high seas of the world constitute a vast republic. This is true; and it is true that international law is on the basis of popular rights and the freedom of humanity. The Anglo-Saxon idea rules the sea and two continents.

On this continent from that time to the present no attempt has ever been made to override the American System by any European power, except in the case of Louis Napoleon, one of whose dreams was to create in Mexico a Latin empire. The crazed Carlotta, wife of his puppet, Maximilian, remains as almost the only vestige of the desperate tragedy. The French were driven out after a desolating war.

Not as much can be said for ourselves; for it must be borne in mind that we were parties to the agreement of no intrusion upon the existing governments of the American continents. In spite of this agreement we not only annexed Texas, but fought a war with Mexico, provoked by Polk, to enlarge the territory of slavery; by which war we secured a large area of that republic. Cuba we have refrained from acquiring; but there is on record, unfortunately never to be obliterated, a document signed by our ministers to England, France and Spain in 1854, Buchanan, Mason and Soule, in which are these words: "After we have offered Spain a price for Cuba far beyond its present value, and this shall be refused, it will then be time to consider the question, does Cuba in the possession of Spain seriously endanger our internal peace and the existence of the Union? Should this question be answered in the affirmative, then by every law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain if we possess the power." This Ostend Manifesto should rank among the comic papers of statesmanship. There was at that time no more reason for seizing Cuba than when Jefferson calmly waived his and the nation's ambition in the name of and for the sake of international amity.

Practically then the purpose of the work done by Monroe, Adams and Jefferson with Canning has been accomplished. The same question is no longer before us. The Monroe Doctrine was devised for a definite end and that end was reached, and more than reached. There is nothing in the original principle to warrant us in carrying a chip on the national shoulder which we defy the world to knock off.

Has any occasion arisen for a new version of the American system? Has the course of Great Britain been so aggravatingly aggressive in any direction as to lead us to annul the alliance and to set up a United States system in place of an American? Can we safely do this while England owns more territory on this continent than we do? Can we with safety to ourselves indulge in a protectorate tone? Will the lesser republics, the real governments of America, favor this change? Are we adequate to the task we undertake? Will it not require at once that America revert from a peace to a war footing, and sustain not only a navy vastly superior to that of any other nation, but a standing army rivaling those of Europe? Is a republican form of government consistent with a standing army and a war footing? Will the tendency not be toward a dictatorship or a monarchy? In other words, will a policy of the kind suggested not tax our financial ability and strain our political system unendurably? Have we any definite reason in plunging into a war that must be carried on over all oceans and over at least two continents?

E. P. POWELL.

## Correspondence.

My Dear UNITY:

In answer to Mr. Gaylord I have only to say that his own allowances about pensioners are just as strong as my own inferences; and he can take advice as freely as he gives it. The facts are, that some pensioners are honest and some are scamps. I asked a medical examiner what proportion of those he examined really deserved to be supported by the people. He replied, "One in six." By all odds the vilest bottom-toucher in this town is a pensioner. I know a man whose wife is worth a quarter of a million, who is able to march annually to the office and draw his pension. I asked him if he did not consider it contemptible, and he replied, "I might as well have a pension as the rest of them." Every few days a batch of new pensions is announced, although it is thirty years after the war. This does not militate against the claims of real sufferers by the war to reap the nation's bounty. But it would be gratifying if we heard less about the enormous debt we still owe; and our lack of patriotism if we do not hold that all pensioners are deserving of all the money and offices in the United States. The country has kept up the enormous war tariff in order to get revenue enough to pay its expenses, and by all odds its heaviest annual expenditure is the pension list. This stands at \$130,000,000, while the annual appropriations for army, for navy, for sinking fund, and interest, barely reach that amount. The whole civil list for executive, legislative and judicial departments is only \$50,000,000; and so on, down to agriculture, which costs us three millions. Meanwhile the nation is increasing its debt, and the treasury can only be kept from bankruptcy by borrowing. There is no question about the patriotism of the '60's, but what about the patriotism of the '90's? I take my "rebuke" meekly, but do not propose to submit to being denounced for ingratitude because I believe we are doing all we ought to do when we pay the pensions of honest invalids. I deny that the best old soldier who lives is any more deserving of my sympathy than the hard working taxpayers who are selling their produce at less than the cost of production in order to pay the extravagant expenditures of the national government. Our commercial marine is obliterated; our agriculture is at starvation point, and our manufactures are shutting down. These are conditions that breed revolution. God save us from another war and another list of saviors to be pensioned. We have paid over \$3,000,000,000 since the Civil war closed to show our gratitude to those who bravely fought its battles. Do not wonder if we begin to believe the list of recipients should be sharply eliminated of social dregs, bounty jumpers and other undeserving classes.

E. P. POWELL.

## Auf Wiedersehen!

FROM THE GERMAN OF FEUCHTERSLEBEN.

'Tis writ within God's High Decree  
That from the forms we love to see  
We soon must part;  
Of human woes, none blights the heart  
As this sad thought, that we must part,  
Ah! even part.

The tiny bud we wish to keep  
Is placed within the water deep;  
Yet we must know:  
Though 'tis at morn a rose, yet lo!  
At night 'twill fade, as we must know,  
Ah! even know.

And has God love on us bestowed,  
And do we feel its happy mood?  
Yet we must weep;  
Our Love shall take her lasting sleep,  
And we, alone, must ever weep,  
Ah, even weep.

Now may we ope our eyes and see,  
And may our parting song e'er be,—  
"Auf Wiedersehen."  
Yes, let us hope to meet again,  
And ever say, "Auf Wiedersehen,  
Ja, Wiedersehen."

THEO. F. BROOKINS.



## The Home.

*Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things  
in a religious way.*

### Helps to High Living.

SUN.—That Redeemer is yet to come, who will consecrate labor and the working day.

MON.—There is a childhood of the soul; but has not he who seeks it, forever lost it?

TUES.—My vital energies go out into the world through my work.

WED.—The best self-forgetfulness is to look at the things of the world with attention and love.

THURS.—I am not free so long as I cannot even command my imagination. Imagination is the mightiest despot.

FRI.—We always deafen our consciences, and say: Look around; others are no better than we.

SAT.—Of all things in the world, falsehood avenges itself most.

—Auerbach.

### Rock-a-Bye Baby.

Rock-a-bye, rock!  
Thy poor mother doth weep!  
For angels, sweet baby,  
Have rocked thee to sleep!  
So restful thy slumber,  
So restful and deep,  
For angels came singing  
And rocked thee to sleep.

Rock-a-bye, rock!  
Thy mother should weep!  
For she tenderly sang, while  
She rocked thee to sleep.  
But angels sing sweeter  
And God watch doth keep,  
When angels come singing  
And rocking to sleep.

LILLIAN W. ROUNTREE.

### Animal Intelligence.

We all know how varied among men is the art of acquiring the friendship of animals and winning their confidence; there is a subtle something that lurks in men, which, when brought in contact with animals, warms to a living flame of perfect mutual confidence or distrust. Men imagine that they can measure at sight the mental capacity of animals, but there was never a more erroneous idea. A valuable mental capacity is often developed among the brutes, wholly unknown on first acquaintance. Intelligence is not confined to the animals seen in a country stroll, but among animals of nocturnal habits and timidity; the animals we seek to exterminate; those that live by exterminating other animals, though crowded into a limited area and seen only by night. Doubtless the coon, weasel and fox have more intelligence than their less despised neighbors. They have learned what it is to live surrounded by enemies. That an animal as large as a fox could live within a stone's throw of a farmhouse without being discovered, argues well for the cunning of the creature. I have knowledge of a raccoon that lived for a year and reared its young within fifty paces of a farmhouse, and not even the house dog was aware of its proximity, although the disappearance of chickens made it evident; the animal doubtless knew its danger and guarded against it. It had intelligence equal to the emergency.—C. C. ABBOTT.

### The Prairie Dog.

There is a little pet, though some deem it a pest, of the western states, which is but little known by the residents of the East, except as seen in the museums, where it is known as the prairie-dog. This is not the only name by which the queer little rodent goes, for his earliest name, given him by the Indians, is Wish-ton-wish. Whatever it means, Wish-ton-wish is probably not so mislead-

ing as prairie-dog, for the little fellow has not even the most remote connection or relationship with the canine species.

The so-called prairie-dog is in reality a species of rat, although it bears a nearer external resemblance to the common squirrel, with which, however, it has no relationship. It is decidedly a western animal, and has never of its own accord migrated east of the Mississippi River. Subsisting as it does upon insects, plants and grasses, its towns or colonies are usually far removed from human habitations. Yet we must not infer that it is unsocial in disposition, or that it readily gives way to the encroachments of civilization. Quite the contrary; for as the course of empire wends westward, and man begins to turn the sod of the prairies, the little prairie-dog seems inclined to meet him half way. While the buffalo, the deer, the antelope, and even the game birds of the West have steadily been retreating farther and farther toward the setting sun, the course of the prairie-dog for the last decade has been eastward, and we find the advance-guards of these little rodents and their outposts of settlement in localities where they were formerly unknown.

The prairie-dog is about twelve or fourteen inches in length; its head is not unlike that of the squirrel, but its tail, which is about five inches long, is not so bushy as the squirrel's. It always lives in communities, whose domiciles are holes in the ground, around the entrance to which they heap a small conical mound of earth, and on these you may see them, sitting up like trick dogs, barking a welcome in their peculiar way to the passers-by. They are as quick in movement as a cat, and it is almost impossible to kill one of them by an ordinary gunshot. Some think they are invulnerable and cannot be killed, but this idea is a myth. One reason of the difficulty in bagging them is that, even when severely wounded, instinct prompts them to wriggle back into their holes, and die, if die they must, at home. As soon as one is pierced by a bullet, it contrives, by convulsive movements, which are well directed even in its agony, to drop from sight into its hole, so that a specimen is rarely secured by shooting.

As their "dog towns" are out on the broad prairies, and are frequently far from streams, they display unusual sagacity in obtaining water. Each town has a well, which goes down from the surface and is not unlike their home retreats, even to the conical mound at the entrance, save that one usually sees gravel and sand at the entrance to the well. Often one colony consists of as many as ten thousand dogs, and contains half as many separate homes, each house being connected with the town well by an underground passage.

They are quite harmless little creatures, and all the damage they do is to deprive the stockman of much valuable range, for their propensity to gnaw the grass roots has a tendency to leave the surrounding country as bare and smooth as a billiard-table. But they are happy little fellows, and make very interesting pets; and the prairie-dog, little "Wish-ton-wish," has found a place in the hearts of the Western people.—*Our Animal Friends.*

When Ramabai was in this country she expressed horror at our custom of eating animal food of which she never tastes, and distress at witnessing our indifference about the comfort of animals. They met a boy, one day in their walks, who was carrying a chicken with its head hanging downward. Ramabai stopped and asked the boy if he would like to be carried in that position. He replied he thought he would not. "Well," she said, "suppose you carry the chicken with its head up as you would like to be carried yourself," which the boy did in response to her gentle request. Ramabai spoke about this trying position to a woman afterward, who responded, "Well, I presume the hen liked it." The Pundita very promptly rejoined, "I would rather have the hen's opinion than yours." So we see by this intermingling of other races and peoples, which is made possible by steam and other modern methods, we are gradually educating each other, and the good is mutual. None of us are altogether heathen, and all of us are more or less so.—*Friend's Intelligencer.*



## Books and Authors.

### A Bunch of Summer Books.\*

Hating realism with a most satisfying detestation, I am convinced by this little book of Mr. Law's that there is a need of a certain kind of realism, and that a book of this kind is supremely needed. For this reason, it gives to common life not one more fallen woman, but a victory. He has "taken two robust young people, in the crimson flush of the earliest summer of life; they are dangerously forefathered; they are carelessly reared; they are temptingly environed; they are alone with one another and with nature; and nature, intent on a single aim, directs all her powers against their weakness." Charging his story with peril, not concealing or denying the instincts that bring life into danger, he calls out a victory of manhood and courage; of reason over impulse. The book is good.

The Scenery of Switzerland is a book that recalls that delicious book of Tyndall's, "The Glaciers of the Alps." It is rather too largely scientific to suit the mass of summer readers; but it is just the thing for those who love nature for the facts she can tell and the truths she can reveal. It is substantially a physical geography of the heart of Europe, and as such is a supplement to the work of Tyndall's.

In New England Fields and Woods is by the author of Danvis Folk, which is a first-class indorsement. It is a series of photographs of the seasons and the days.

Mr. Japp's book will be welcomed by those who love Burroughs. Its most delightful feature is the perfect illustrations. The observation possessed by the author is that of delicate fineness, born half of science, half of poetry, that makes us feel that we are really ourselves the observers. It is one of those books that enables anyone to see the world better. On the whole it is about the best of the summer books of 1896.

E. P. P.

The summer number of *Modern Art* maintains in the matter of printing and make-up the prestige of Mr. Bowles' quarterly. It is one of the most beautiful magazines now published, and it is indispensable to all collectors of books and pictures. To those less fortunate who admire lovely things without being able to possess many of them, it is a comfort and delight. For it gives them glimpses of a world of beauty to which they cannot often travel. The editor is catholic in his tastes, and he confines his appreciation to no special school; yet he is progressive enough to keep well in the current, and one looks in his pages for some account of the new movements in art and the new men. The present number opens with a paper by Mr. Philip Hale on "Artists' Little Games," which contains diverting stories of the inconsistencies of painters. But no artist can become a slave to his theories with impunity, and if it were not for such inconsistencies his work might have less value to the world. Manet's painting of a naval battle is no less great as a work of art because he had not witnessed the conflict. Yet in the main Mr. Hale's contention is justified.

An article by Mr. W. Irving Way of Chicago gracefully describes a visit to William Morris and the preliminary arrangements for issuing Rossetti's "Hand and Soul." Two pages of this beautiful book—the first from the Kelmscott Press that bears the imprint of an American publisher—are reproduced. Mr. Louis Prang gives a brief and interesting history of lithography, and this is followed by Mr. Arthur W. Dow's account of his experiments in painting with wooden blocks. Mr. Dow's system is entirely new to this country, and it has delightful possibilities, if one may judge by the single example reproduced in color. His introduction of a long laudatory quotation from Prof. Fenellosa is naive, but interesting nevertheless. Mr. Dow's process is

\*A Summer in Arcady. By James Law. Macmillan Co., New York. The Scenery of Switzerland. By Sir John Lubbock, Macmillan Co., New York. In New England Fields and Woods. By Roland E. Robinson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Hours in My Garden. By Alexander H. Japp, Macmillan Co., New York.

simple and is inspired by the beautiful Japanese prints. The one given here has not the Japanese simplicity of line, but it is lovely in color. The number contains also articles on the new German magazine *Pan*, and the Club Bindery in New York, skilfully illustrated; a list of the quarter's art reading and exhibitions, and some critical notes. And there is a beautiful heliotype from "A Lullaby," by Miss Wally Moes of Amsterdam. The literary editing is not as searching as it should be, but in design and in paper, print, and illustration the magazine is of the very best of its kind.

L. M.

*Review of Reviews—Bryan Number.*—Among the many able reviews of the present political controversy comes the August *Review of Reviews*, with a notable and delightful sketch of W. J. Bryan's life, his political career, as well as an account of the Chicago convention, in which he figured so conspicuously. Though it has condensed the convention movements into a nutshell, it has retained and presented all its essential and important issues in a fair and right-minded manner. However one may differ from Mr. Bryan in his monetary and tariff policies, none can help but respect and admire the man who has so early in life established, one might say in all fairness, a national reputation through his active relations to congressional issues at Washington, and one who was chosen by a great political party to occupy the highest office and highest honor the nation could bestow upon him. He is the only man in the history of America who has barely passed the age necessary to eligibility to the presidency, that has led a great political party to lay at his feet freely and almost unanimously that great honor denied to men who have served their party as loyally as he and five times as long.

His career from schoolboy and student to lawyer and statesman are marked with the characteristics of true and noble manhood. He has proven himself able, and, most of all, always sincere. He has always been a deep student of political and economic affairs, an understanding of which is the best underlying qualification for the executive chair.

We are obliged to the writer in the *Review of Reviews* for this fair and able article, and we commend it heartily. Perhaps more than ever before, this is the time when the voter should be led by the dictates of conscience rather than by adherence to traditional party affiliations.

D. D. S.

When the *Magazine of American Poetry*, now published in Buffalo by the Peter Paul Book Company, was started some five years ago, it seemed impossible that it should survive two years. So intensely prosaic are we that we surely have not poets—not even poetlets and poetasters enough to feed a magazine perpetually. I open the last issue, July, and look on the face of one who has done the best lyric work in America for this generation, Bliss Carman. His poems in the *Independent* drew my attention some years ago; and I always read Bliss Carman. Sometimes a common place song, but as a rule every line is strong, fresh, real poetry. Try this:

A stir on the brink of evening,  
A tint in the warm gray sky;  
The sound of loosened rivers  
And spring goes by.

A stir at the rim of winter,  
A wing on the crisp midnight;  
A herald from dusk to gloaming  
In northward flight.

The present number of the *Magazine of American Poetry* also gives us samples of Jones Very and Eliza Cook, as well as several others. Why should we forget to be poets? Why run altogether to finance and figures, politics and economics? Why have we become convinced that the poet is something out of the practical, money-making line, and therefore un-American?

E. P. P.

A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.—Emerson.



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## The Liberal Field.

*"The World is my Country; To do  
good is my Religion."*

ABOUT PEOPLE.—Dr. Tuttle, whose illness was referred to some months ago in these columns, is, we are glad to learn, regaining strength. He is spending a few weeks in his summer home near Lake Minnetonka. \* \* \* Madame Hanna, Korany, who visited America as the representative of her country at the World's Fair, has started at her home near Beirut, Syria, a woman's club, the first in that part of the world. \* \* \* Rev. Eliza T. Wilkes is planning to spend a month in Santa Cruz, preaching and visiting among the people. \* \* \* Mr. and Mrs. Wendte have returned from their vacation and settled down to work. A large congregation greeted Mr. Wendte on Sunday, July 26. \* \* \* Mr. Joseph Leiser, a student of the Chicago University, where he has been under the instruction of Dr. Hirsch, has been elected rabbi of the congregation of Springfield, Ill. \* \* \* Rev. Sophia Gibbs closed her initial six months' at Boone June 1. The society at once engaged her for a year at a salary of \$1,000. Mrs. Gibbs has returned to the Universalist fellowship.

PEORIA, ILL.—The community, and especially the People's Church, have suffered a great bereavement in the death of E. B. Brown, of Elmwood. He is commonly known as the "Sage of Elmwood." He was one of the founders of the People's Church of Peoria, and an active member of the Scientific Association. At both of these societies he was a frequent speaker. He had officiated at over sixty funerals, lectured widely, written many articles, and was engaged upon a book at his death. He was the orator at the Bryant Centennial at Cummington, Mass., two years ago. His funeral services were largely attended. John Homer I. Bryant (the only surviving brother of William Cullen Bryant) not being able to attend, being 89 years of age, sent a letter to be read. The minister of the People's Church had charge of the exercises and was assisted by President Finley, of Knox College, Eugene Bates of Princeton, Ill., and two clergymen who were personal friends of the family, though far from sympathizers with his beliefs. While rejecting the Christian dogmas, he was a devotedly religious man, and died in the full hope of meeting his friends in a land not less sweet and

beautiful than this. All agreed in praising his beautiful character, his ripe scholarship and his true manliness. He was over seventy and had taken an active part in the great struggle against slavery, and since that his whole life and teaching was an unflinching protest against the creeds that enslave, the fear that depresses, and the harsh doctrines that shock the soul and dwarf the reason. He was a delegate to the Free Liberal Religious Congress at Chicago, from the People's Church. Such liberals as he are all too few, but his influence will aid the cause greatly.

B. B. M.

Prophetic Utterances.—Two  
Exalted Hours.

## PRAYER.

We were convened in a Methodist chapel. Defrauded of a week at the Weirs by a fractious bicycle, I managed to get one good solid day, the last, which I felt must have been the best. The morning dawned in rain, forbidding our assembling in the grove. The Methodist pastor was to speak on "Manhood," and gave a practical illustration of his own, by inviting the Unitarian and other people to occupy the chapel, and he showed the Christian by sitting on the platform with our own clergymen, and taking part in the services, and most earnestly, and it seemed approvingly, listening to the morning sermon, which was on "Prayer." This young Methodist preacher is about to take a course of study at Harvard University. He may have well considered the possible results of such an atmosphere, and such a course. I felt that in listening to the broad, reverent treatment of the subject of "Prayer," I could see his mind expand, and his soul burgeon out into blossoms of a diviner faith. That was the effect it had on me.

The doctor of divinity, who preached the sermon, was a late convert from the Methodists to the blessed faith of Channing and Parker, and Martineau and the Master. That he should come from such a large, broad fellowship, to such a small, though fine, brotherhood, from the largest sect to the smallest, as the result of thought and study and obedience to conscience, is evidence of a sincere and a brave soul in search of a deeper truth, and a grander faith. No wonder that the most thoughtful portion of his old church suffered him not to go alone to the church of a freer thought and a

broader gospel, but said, "Where thou goest, we will go."

It was Doctor Brundage of Albany who stood in the pulpit. An attractive, and a strong presence, and all felt a loving and a devout spirit drew our attention, and held it to the end. The devotional services had been the illumined porch to the temple of feeling, thought and faith, we were about to enter. The audience was composed of people of all creeds and no creed; and but for the rain would have been a thousand strong in the grove. It was union, in the best sense. The subject of the hour concerned us all. I am no reporter. I took no notes whatever. I only took note in my soul, as the rich and varied and abundant truth broke in upon it. How, as the preacher went on, his words kindled and warmed and seemed to illumine and clear all our minds. How the spreading flame consumed our cankering cares, and the cobwebs of errors and our indistinct thought on prayer. And as this iconoclast, without a hammer, took down our idols so gently, as it were an act of devotion, as Holmes said of Emerson, we looked at each other, hoping, or fearing what he said might be true. But some, I saw, doubted. To many, this, new doctrine of prayer was a revelation. The traditional idea of prayer as petition, was swept away as superstition, as, of course, ignoring the laws of God as unchangeable, and making him subject to human persuasion, less good than the children of his creation, anything but a father, and in no sense worthy of worship, love, or even respect. Petition is pagan in origin and conception, and grew out of fear, abasement. How full God fills our lives with blessing! Can the all perfect and the all wise do less than what is best for us? Will he do more or less by our silence or our supplication? If we could persuade him to do more for us, or other than he already is doing, are we sure that it were good for us? Petition is beggary. It is blasphemy. It degrades the holy name. A rush light assailing the sun by asking it to shine more brightly on our little patch; a child pleading with a philosopher to make use of his wisdom to further the child's ends. Hush, petitioner; let infant lips be closed. The good God reigns. A father's love enfolds us all. You shall not petition. What may you do? All thou mayst do or say can bring no rain, or sunshine, or riches, or ravens to

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feed, or righteousness in the soul to dawn, so far as those things depend on deific action as answer. The petition may lift thee. It brings not God down. But petition shall not, in that way, give help as other acts of love and reverence can do. Words are not prayer. Prayer is desire, a wish, an aspiration, a feeling of trust in the divine goodness, and the divine order, the sense of fellowship with him in whom we all live and move, whose loving kindness sweeps us as a tender mother the babe of her bosom. Is it only that? How could it be more? Jesus sums it all up in his "Nevertheless, thy will be done!" Prayer is effect rather than cause. It is more than excitation of holy feeling in the soul. It is a holy state of mind and heart. It is consequence of character, fruit of a holy life. It is not to beg. It is to give thanks that all is well; that goodness reigns; that wisdom builded this world, and potent love enfolds the least of the sons of men. Religion is health; and best sign of health is not to be conscious of possessing any physical functions. We give too much thought to what we shall do to be saved, to be in accord with God after death! A life of faith is best substitute for prayer. *Live, trust, do thy duty, fulfill thy mission, accomplish thy task!*

#### PROPHECY.

It was the closing regular service of the grove meeting, on Sunday afternoon. The rain had ceased; the skies had cleared; the audience was good. There were culture, and intelligence, and receptivity of truth on the faces of all. They had come for a purpose, and that purpose was to join in the worship of the hour, to listen to fine music, as at the morning service, only the lovely quartette added to the richness of the service; but more especially it was what a sermon, to listen to a natural pulpit orator, who in quietness and power thrilled all our hearts, and stimulated our minds, as they are not often lifted and fed. The preacher had come from Columbus, Ohio, to discourse to us philosophy, to make excursions with us into the rewarding fields of history, science, literature, poetry, religion; to introduce us to the gods of the pagan world, to the worship of the slowly ascending races; to trace the evolution of worship, of religion, from animism, fetishism, polytheism, henotheism, up to that of the one spiritual and eternal Father. He became our teacher, as well as our preacher for the hour. He was master of his subject and swayed his spellbound audience as by magic. There was no stilted speech, no inflated oratory. It was dignified conversation, with periods, and pauses, narrative, logic and argument. It was doctrinal, in the sense of teaching. It was full of thought. It came from a full mind, and what was better, a full heart, that in tender and pathetic strains, overflowed, and made us feel something warm filling our eyes and wetting our cheeks, stirring us all through, and making us ministers wish that we, too, could preach, that we could think as clearly, and speak as freely, and grasp as comprehensively the themes which we treated. The sermon was not read. It was not recited. It had not been memorized. It was brain-born, and heart fed, such reserved power, and so was head and heart nourishing. It was simple, and eloquent with constant suppression, and touching silences. The preacher's face was a benediction. He had only to stand, and let the spirit speak through him. I have heard Stanley in Westminster Abbey, and Spurgeon in his tabernacle, and great preachers in many parts of the world; but as a preacher, a prophet, a model pulpit orator, who forgets himself in his subject, who makes you feel the might and majesty of truth, the sublimity of great ideas, and the divinity of human nature, and the grandeur and glory of this near and blessed world, no other voice can compare with that of Dr. Rexford. He does not need this eulogy. We need it. It is our birthright to have the truth, and to

hear the truth, without trammel or compromise, or evasion, or apology. It rarely comes to us in this free, broad, illumined, ample way. Is he Unitarian? Universalist? Yes, and more. All the sects are provinces of the one kingdom of Christianity, with sect and creed boundaries. But this prophet sees all the religions of the world as greater sects, and religion, as deeper, broader, more inclusive than all the religions, and all the sects. Christian, Buddhist, pagan, *ad infinitum*, have, each in them, vital truth. Religion is universal. It belongs to man, and man to it, and all to the soul and God! That means free religion. But why not free religion as well as free thought, free science, the whole range of knowledge, of philosophy? All religion is natural; all is revealed. Revelation is natural. There is no supernatural, for nature includes all there is in matter, man, mind, and God the most natural of beings. Unity is the law of being, of the universe—

"One God, one law, one element,  
And one far off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves."

To say that there is but one religion, one church, is to speak inclusively; for all the religions contain common elements of truth and goodness; they are all so many different natural manifestations of the religious sentiment in man which find expression suited to the various mental and moral conditions of mankind.

Now who are the saviors of the world? Buddhism points to Buddha as the one Messiah; Mohammedanism looks to its great founder as the one and only savior of men; Christians declare that there is but one name under heaven whereby salvation comes, and that is the Christ. But saviors are as many as great prophets, as multitudinous as anointed souls. We are all the time saving each other. The members of a true family are all the time saving each other. Some sweet word of a child saves to sobriety a drunken father, bless its little heart!

There is no one savior for all needed. Every religion has its hero. But we do not want a tribal hero to fight our battles for us; we ought to see that no one man of one race can well meet the needs of men of other blood and lineage. No universal savior has yet arisen. Many have been and are now among us, great prophets, and great inspirers of faith in God and goodness, whose high thoughts help us. Thank God for Buddha and Moses, and Isaiah, and Socrates, and Epictetus, and Jesus, and Wesley and Channing, and the living voices of living men everywhere. I should be sorry if Jesus were the only savior of men, if the world outside of Christendom were to wait for his advent to save their souls, or to help their lives. I pity the mind so taught that it cannot rise above a sect savior, a tribal or a religion savior; but in the spirit of the true eclectic, can lay hold of this truth in one teacher, and that in another, and add to all the personal element of his own spirit and thought, and know and feel that were he the only person in all the universe, his savior were within his own soul. No one is or can be lost in the old dogmatic sense. True, salvation is help to become a better man, a better woman. It is manhood, character, living out of one's own best, inner life, without reference to any future, but with confident assurance that fitted to live, one is prepared to die, and rightly living the life that is foretaste of that which is to be. Thus looking at things in this large way, we are at peace with all things. Be saviors everyone, and walk in light the heavenly way!

But I fear there is more of myself than of my western friends in these gleams and glints of thought and truth, of religion and prayer, of worship and the world to come. They started me, stirred me, enlarged my vision, and lifted me to the better hope. How we idealize the great and good things of life. We make God in our own image; we make Jesus in our own image. We have read into his character ninety per

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cent. of our ideas concerning him. We have lifted him out of the human scale and elevated him among the gods. I mean the church has done this. It speaks well for humanity that it has so idealized the man of Nazareth. It is proof of divine ideals within that we make our heroes divine. Jesus is worth infinitely more to mankind as an ideal than as an historical character merely. That we have exalted him above the reality of his character is proof that man creates his own best saviors, his ideals. Man's salvation, his best helpers are within. He lives the Christlife when he lives his own ideal life. He becomes saved as he grows great in character, love and truth. The value of friendship to us is the reproducing in ourselves of what we saw, or put into our friend's character. The kingdom of God is not here or there, in this age or place or person, but here and now and within. We are now sons of God, and prophets of the most high. The prophet is a teacher more than a foreteller. He is to reconcile the ages and truth in relation to the universal, the ideal.

Milford, N. H.

A. J. Rich.

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## Old and New.

Thousands of women work in the mines of Belgium, England and Cornwall. In the first-named country they formerly worked from twelve to sixteen hours a day, with no Sunday rest. The linen thread spinners of New Jersey, according to the report of the labor commissioner, are "in one branch of the industry compelled to stand on a stone floor in water the year round, most of the time barefoot, with a spray of water from a revolving cylinder flying constantly against the breast; and the coldest night in winter, as well as the warmest in summer, these poor creatures must go to their homes with water dripping from their underclothing along their path, because there could not be space or a few moments allowed them wherein to change their clothing." Yet women are "exempted" from labor attended by hardship!

Despite these washerwomen, miners and linen thread spinners, we are told "it is woman's privilege generally to be exempted from the care of earning her livelihood and that of her offspring."

It would seem to be time that this libel upon woman should be scorned by fair-minded men. From all antiquity the majority of women have been faithful workers, rendering a full equivalent in labor for their scanty share of the world's goods. The origin of every industry bears testimony to this. In our era, while women were still homekeepers, did they not earn their livelihood? What was the weaving, the sewing, the cooking, the doctoring, the nursing, the child-care, "the work that was never done," if it was not earning a subsistence? Even in these days, when woman goes forth and receives the reward of her labor as publicly as man, she is no more worthy of her hire. Her ancestress—sweet and saintly soul!—did not dream of recompense. But was it not her due; and shall we refuse to credit it because man was then a self-sufficient ignoramus

who deemed himself the only one fit to acquire property?—Alice B. Tweedy, in *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* for June.

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### The Painter.

Nature hath taken her delicate brush,  
Her palette, and paints, and all,  
She hath worked in the silence of starlight hush,  
She hath worked in the storm's loud brawl;  
She works—and lo!  
The frescoes grow  
On the sides of her ample hall.

She hath tinted the apple with flushes of rose,  
She hath covered the pear with white,  
And the osier-blossoms where the honey-bee goes  
She hath crowned with a golden light,  
The leafing sloe  
Is draped in snow,  
And the celadine stars gleam bright.

She hath sprinkled the meadows with silver and gold,  
And the cuckoo flower's delicate hue,  
She hath kindled the gorse on the wind-haunted wold,  
And hath garnished the woodlands anew;  
The speedwell's eye,  
Demure and shy,  
She hath touched with a heaven-born blue.

And in and about, and around them all  
She hath filled in a background of green,  
The leaf-buds burst at her noiseless call,  
And spread out a verdurous screen,  
And wearied eyes  
In quiet wise  
Find rest in the soothing scene.  
—T. Bruce Dicks in *Temple Bar*.

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The annual report of the Chicago Public Library shows that the home circulation of books during the year has been 1,173,586 volumes. It is said that this "breaks the world's record" for free circulating libraries. The use of this large number of books is made possible mainly by the system of delivery stations, which enables people in all parts of the city to draw books without going far from their homes.

One noteworthy feature of the report is that the percentage of books of fiction taken out has steadily fallen, till now it is but 40 per cent. of the total. This indicates the appearance of a class of readers who have more serious intellectual interests than those of twenty years ago.—*Friends' Journal and Intelligencer*.

The little community of Burgsinn in the Bavarian district of Lower Franconia will shortly be able to celebrate the not over enviable centenary jubilee of a lawsuit. On the 21st of June, 1596, this community brought suit at the Imperial Court, then sitting in Speyer, against the Barons von Thungen, concerning a magnificent oak and beech forest of nearly 8,000 hectares in extent, which may to-day be estimated worth about 2,000,000 marks, and which both parties claim as their own. It speaks volumes for the indomitable grit of these peasants, who, despite their poverty, through three long centuries, generation after generation, managed to put up among themselves enough money to carry on the suit, and who, in view of a recent decree, may ultimately consider themselves the *beatti possidentes*.

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